## MRS. KEATS BRADFORD.

CONCLUSION.

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Years seemed to be dragging themselves away in the days that passed before it was "after Fast," and time for the Tuttle boys to go to the academy. came a brief space of time that was not crowded full she was frightened at the gloomy intensity of the feelings that came to her. But she was perfectly calm.

She mended and sewed for the boys constantly. When Georgie Townshend remonstrated, the reply was that "mother would have done so."

One day the doctor called, upon some pretence. He stood hesitating in the room. Finally he said : "I don't often volunteer a prescription. I venture to do so now. Mrs. Bradford, go away. Go

Having said this he abruptly left the house. Rowena needed no such command. The hour at last came when she stood on the step of her old She had just been through the empty She had turned the key in the door and

held it in her hand. It was the very last of April. In the country at such a time there are many hints of the glory and loveliness to come The world is about to be transfigured. Everything was sweet with promise. Grief, and troubles, and battle were no

more a part of the universe. The woman as she stood there was asking herself why she should leave it all. Why not stay on? What should it matter to her where she was? Georgie Townshend came hurrying down the

road with a shawl on her head. "Jim'll be right here," she said. "I sh'll miss you dretfully, Roweny. Don't forgit to write. 'N' I'll be sure to send anything that comes from

Presently Jim came along with his best horse and carriage. He had taken the trunks early in

Rowena gave her friend the key.

"I mean to be here by July, when the boys will have their vacation," she said.

The two women kissed each other. The horse went smartly down the road. When she was in the train Rowena took from

her satchel a letter. It was the last one she had written to Keats, the one which told of her mother's death. She had found it in one of Nathan Henry's pockets. He had calculated to mail it but had entirely forgotten to do so. Then he had begun to wear another jacket, and the matter had entirely slipped by. Besides, it was

'He does not know," repeated Rowena to herself as the train sped onward. Mrs. Ferdinand Foster could "not bear to write

letters." She had told them at home that they need not expect to hear often from her. Perhaps it was for this reason that those at home did not know where to address her. And

perhaps Rowena ought not to have been so surprised when, as she was pushing open the door of the ladies' room in the station at the foot of Summer-st., some one should seize her and kiss "I declare!" cried Satah Kimball, "ain't it

We've just this minute left the train from New-York. This is my husband; Roweny. I guess you know him," with a laugh. Then as the two shook hands, she asked, "And how did you leave

But as the words left her lips, Sarah Kimball, now noting her sister's face, paled with sudden terror. She caught fierce hold of Rowena's arm.

"What?" she cried in a whisper.

" Mother is dead."

Rowena's words sounded cold. But pity came to her on the instant. She put her arm around Sarah Kimball, who seemed to be going to fall. We tried to find you." she said hurriedly. Ferdinand Foster dropped his satchel and his

He tried to support his wife. But she pushed him away. "Don't make a scene here," sternly said Rowena. She had never liked "Ferd Foster" so well as

now when she saw his face as he bent over Sarah Don't be hard on me, Rowena!" cried Mrs.

At this moment a man's voice was heard calling out, "Express train for New-York, stopping only

Rowena started. Some resolutions came like flashes of lightning, though they may have been

long on the way.
"I am going," she exclaimed. "No! No! Dear little sister, I won't be hard on you!"

She kissed the pretty but now contorted face. She walked swiftly down the platform. As she went, she mechanically flung a fold of her long cloak over Marmaduke, who was under her arm.

Before five minutes were gone the conductor wa ushering her into a drawing-room car. She sat down in a chair. The train pulled out of the station. Rowens put her hand to her head. She was thinking that there was no reason why she should not go to New-York. Still she knew it was not merely to that city that she was going. There was a great sense of confusion upon her. But her purpose shaped itself with perfect clearness within

to her banker's in Boston. She might as well have remained and gone to Royle's before starting. But no, she was glad she had not delayed. She was glad she had started. There would be no harm in waiting over a day or two in New-York. She would buy a few things for her journey. She would get a basket, apparently for lunch, but really for Marmaduke. She would need all her wits to aid her in smuggling him through; and she might not succeed. The attempt would be somewhat engrossing, however. Other dogs might be put in the baggage car, but this terrier was not merely a dog. Yes, she was thankful that she had something to

She tried to look very nonchalant. But her heart beat uncomfortably. She wished to appear to her fellow-passengers as if she had long been meditating upon this journey to New-York and

eparing for it.

Did any one look at her suspiciously, as if she were doing anything strange? She put on a still more careless expression. She gazed from the window, not seeing anything. She was really conscious only of the pulses which beat all through her. She bought a novel of the first boy who came with them piled upon his arm. She told him to select for her one of his best. She held it in her hand and occasionally turned its leaves. But through the entire journey that afternoon she did not even know the title. Later, when she found the volume in her satchel, a blush rose to her face that she should have touched such a thing. And yet they, and such as they, are piled high at every station, and thrust at you upon every train. Apparently you are still considered respectable, though you are seen with one in your hand.

Before Rowena had thus suddenly taken flight from New-England, Bradford had returned to the Lister ranch from a restless trip into Mexico, and further south. He said the journey had been enjoyable. He said that he liked travelling so well at he had decided to go to San Francisco and take steamer to Japan. If a man ever went to see Japan he must go before it had been written about from that." so much that it was no longer interesting. He only came back to save the appearance of running away from the ranch, where he had had "such a good time." In point of fact he should go by the next steamer. So he would be obliged to leave the following morning. Thus one day he announced.

Mr. Lister expressed surprise and regret; Mrs. scribed as "a third person." Lister only regret. She told her husband afterward that she would not have been surprised at any intention of Mr. Bradford's. When questioned she would not condescend to explain, for, she said.

adjuncts of civilization, at least while he was or the Pacific Ocean.

So he rode out in the spring day toward Pink Rock. I am convinced that the reader of this knows something of what I am going to tell him Readers are so astute and acute in these days that they foresee everything. But there has been no mystery about this history, so no one can hug himself because he knew from the very first how it was "coming out." Of course he knew. And he knows now that Bradford had not galloped far beyond Pink Rock before he saw something approaching over the wide plain. This something came from the direction of the postoffice and railroad town, and it was a buggy drawn by a pair of

But the rider, going on toward this equipage, thought very little of it, save that somebody had come to visit Lister's, or the next ranch

As it drew nearer it became perceptible that the figure beside that of the driver was the figure of a woman. Bradford drew aside. The woman's face was thickly veiled from the blinding glare. She seemed to bend eagerly forward, then to shrink back, far back upon the scat.

The horse was wheeled abruptly round, and its rider appeared, bending a pale, brown face almost into the carriage. The driver pulled up with a frightened motion. He almost expected a pistol to be held to his head. He did not know what a man who looked like that might do.

"Were you going to let me ride right on,

Bradford put the question in a dry, hard voice. He found a difficulty in speaking at all.

There was no reply. Rowena drew aside her veil. Her hand trembled as she did so. Her face looked thin, and white, and quiet.

Bradford's eyes fixed upon that face. "Where were you going?" he asked.

"To Mr. Lister's."

"Did you come to see Miss Phillips?" "Did you come to see me?" he went on relent-

There was something in Bradford's air that was ew to his wife. She did not know what it was, Perhaps it was that something which had brought

the deep line between his brows, and given his face a kind of iron look. He turned to the driver, who sat flicking his long whip, and waiting until this conversation

should be ended. "Ride my horse on to the Lister ranch," said Bradford, "and I will take your place

"All right. Have an eye on the off hoss; he's got a devil in him."

The two men changed places. The driver galloped on ahead. During all this time there had been a frantic scratching and whining in a basket on the floor of the carriage. This demonstration was unnoticed until now Rowena stooped and re-

leased the prisoner, saying: "He hears your voice. It is unkind not to let

But Bradford did not respond to Marmaduke's salutations, though he allowed them. The horses were not told to go on. Bradford

hung the lines over the dashboard. Rowens sat stilly in her corner of the seat

She was looking straight on into the sunlighted space. She was thinking of her mother and wish ing she was dead beside her. Once in those moments of silence that came, a terrible blush seemed to envelop her whole body in an agony. Bradford turned toward her. He repeated his

"You came to see me?" "Yes."

There was something like terror added to Rowena's other emotions. She knew the man beside her. She had known his gentleness, his tender

"I suppose at last you were so sorry for me that you made this journey. You do not like to think any animal, human or brute, is suffering. You were sorry for me?"

"No. I think I was not.." "This is getting puzzling. If you had been a few hours later I should have been on my way to

Japan.

Rowena looked about her with a thought of trying to escape. Of course she must in some way have deserved this moment or it would not have been dealt out to her. That was her theory. If bly she might fight down, in time, the memory of this experience. She would probably be very old, however, before she could do that.

"Rowena," said Bradford, "You were always

truthful. Tell me why you came."

She felt the justice of his demand. She tried to respond to it. She lifted her eyes to his face, almost as a child might have done. She spoke "I wanted to see you. I felt that I must see

Her eyes fell. Again that torturing blush came

"Yes, I am," he answered, "but I will not be mistaken. It has taken a good many months for

me to come to my resolution, but having come to it I shall live by it. I had determined never to see you again, unless you sent for me or came to It is you who are unutterably eruel if you have come to me save for one reason."

Again Rowena did not speak. She was under

the surgeon's knife. It was just. It was right

"It was because I loved you that I left you, "Is it because you loved me that you have come to me?" Rowena clasped her hands with an uncontroll-

able gesture. Words suddenly came.
"Yes! Yes!" she cried out, "I have known for a long time that I loved you, but when Mr. Soule how truly, truly I-no, no, don't touch me yet! I have so many things to say. It must have been my fault some way, that he could talk so, I cannot get over that. I-7

mnot get over that. 1-"
"Spule?" interrupted Bradford fiercely, "I knew it was in him. But it was not your fault. Damn him! The scamp! But no matter. Don't tell me a thing now, Rowena, only let me look at you! Let me look at you!"

It was some moments later that Rowena informed her companion, with a shy little tremor of voice, that she felt that he deserved that she should run

across the continent after him. "And," she added in that light tone which is sometimes such a relief, "I wanted to see you in your buckskin sult."

Then she covered her face with her hands and began to weep in that convulsive relieving way which children have. She had not wept so since her mother died. She told him all her sorrow and anxiety. Se felt with the keenness of response the strength of the love with which she was com-

When they were driving slowly on toward the ranch Rowena said :

"And you don't care how much I paint ?" "I have long ago known that it was not your work that ever troubled me. I was mistaken if I ever thought so. It was something very different

"Perhaps you ought to care," she retarned seriously, "because I mean to keep right on. I have some lovely ideas."

Marmaduke, sitting insecurely upon Bradford's knee, had an opportunity to know what are the feelings of that individual who is sometimes de-

## THE SEAL FISHERIES MYSTERY. From The Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"I wish you'd tell me all about the Behring Sea difficulty the newspapers are talking of so much," said Mrs. snaggs to her ausband. "I'm so ignorant about these things, and yet I think women ought to take just as much interest in them as their husbands, don't won!"

should not be blessed, or otherwise, with any such and it turns upon whether this country can prevent adjuncts of civilization at least while he was on "Oh, I see it exactly now," Mrs. Snaggs interrupted gleefully. "Queen Victoria is afraid she won't get enough sealskins for English women to wear if Mr. Blaine doesn't let Englishmen go tishing for them."

"Yes," her husband resumed: "you are getting to understand the question. Now, last senson there was a modus—"

understand the question. Now, last senson there was a modus—"

"Oh, I know! Modus is the Latin word for mode, is lan't it? The mode last senson was a quite long seal-skin. It was real becoming, too, but if you remember you wouldn't let me buy one. You said we couldn't afford it. Why couldn't we inford it, dear! I'd look so well in a seakskin, if I do say it myself.

"As I was saying," Snargs resumed, but ignoring his wife's question; "as I was saying, England refines to renew the modus vivendi under which last senson's entch was regulated, and—"

"It does really seem a pity to kill the innocent seals to get their skins, doesn't it!" Mrs. Snags interpupted again. "They do look so cunning in the water. I saw some of them in the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia when I was there at the Centennial. Their coats were so glossy and shiny when they came out of the water and climbed up on the bank. You saw them, too, didn't you."

"Yes, I saw them. I'm so glad you understand the Bebring Sea question so theroughly," Snags added, as he put on his bat to go down the street. "I was afraid you wouldn't."

"Oh, you men think women can't grasp thesy pub-

afraid you wouldn't."
Oh, you men think women can't grasp these public questions," his wife replied, proudly; "but they can when they put their mind to it."
And Mrs. Snags; resumed her labor of "working" a yellow dog on a red sofa tidy.

PRIZES AT THE COMING HORSE SHOW,

SOME ADVANTAGES OF BECOMING A STOCK HOLDER.

The United States Horse and Cattle Show Society has just issued its prize list for its first openshow, to be held in its grounds at One-hundred up book, the rules being carefully and clearly de fined, and though some of them may be stringer they are drawn to protect the exhibitors as well as the society. A feature, never before introduced in any prize list, is the illustration of the several The thoroughbred is represented by an en picture of St. Julian, the Enckney by an excellen The society is liberal in its prizes, the sum of bred can obtain \$1,000, the trotter and roadster over \$2,300, and the backney, the present fashionable the same amount. Coaching stallions, which e well taken care of with prizes to the extent \$1,000. The beavy draught horses, which include shires. Clydes and Percherons, can capture \$2,000, nd the harness classes, which embrace pon dems and four-in-hands, may be good for \$2,700. Over \$1,500 is offered for saddle horses, while hunter and jumpers will be entitled to nearly \$2,000. The municipal and Central Park mounted police are not forgotten, as \$600 is offered them for competition All the third prizes, as well as the first and second

The society wants several hundred stockholders in order that the direct interest in the shows may be widened, and to this end has divided its capital stock of \$75,000 into 750 shares at \$100 each. The stock olders already number 108, most of them buying a single share, so that there is plenty left for outsider Numerous advantages are to be gained by becoming a member of the society, to say nothing of the profit there is likely to be in it. Persons not members may equire all the privileges of the clubhouse and ground

acquire all the privileges of the clubhouse and grounds during the opening show for \$10, and for the same sum may be as good as a member in the fall.

Special prizes of \$100 each in money or plate have been offered by Harris & Nixon, H. K. Bloodgood, Reginald JW. Rivers, Prescott Lawrence, F. W. Jackson, John Osborn, Son & Co., and W. P. Douglas, The Forest View Stock Farm offers \$150 for the champion conching stallion. Prizes in the tandem class are offered by the New York Tandem Club, and in the road-team class by certain members of the Coaching Club. The Hotel Metropole offers \$150 for the best park tenth.

The society is attracting no inconsiderable amount of attention from the interior cities. The Enfalo Horse Show people want to hold an exhibition under places will fall into line. The society promises to be a National institution of international importance.

ODD TRICKS OF MONKEYS.

CARE FOR THEM.

"We lose interest in nearly pil the animals," said the keeper, "after we have had them awhile, except in the nkeys. The oldest keeper in the show will stop not and then to laugh at their antics. They're always in now and then. That big ape by himself over ground. The ape wanted some of those

between it and the merchant, close to the latter's face. Then he began to mow and mouth and sersam at the countenance, and making as if to attack him. The merchant was so astonished that he did not usice the ape helping himself to dates with his hind lands; apes

four-handed.

"Having taken all he could hold, the ape quickly science enough to know that he had done wrong, and as soon as he felt the blow he took it for granted that

s man be had robbed was beginning to give him the absing he have he deserved.

"Some of our mankeys are very fond of being petted d admired and others are not," continued the keeper, hat little one over there is as vain as any woman, d a curious thing in connection with her is that her lity makes her a por mother. The last litter she d we took away from her; a former one she killed negleci, after she had hert two or three of them dly by holding them out to visitors to be stroked and

thousands.

If was a rich find, truly, as there are only two
other nictures in limitages, by the

thousands.

If was a rich find, truly, as there are only two other pictures in Balifmore by the same artist. The picture is by Jean Emptiste Greuze, and on the back of it is "Jean Emptiste Greuze, and on the back of it is "Jean Emptiste Greuze, 1725 to 1808." Mr. William T. Walters owns one of the pictures, for which he paid a big price, and Mr. Leouce Robillon owns the other. Mr. Walters viewed Mrs. Reid's picture yesterday, and pronounced it genuine. He says it is worth thousands of dollars.

A reporter of "The American" called upon the second hand dealer vesterday at his store, on Charlesst. He said Mrs. Reid had purchased the picture from him, and that she had got it very cheap. He did not seem to realize the true value of the picture. He said a man with a bened had brought it to him, and he had pald him a few dollars for it. The picture now hangs in the pariors of Mr. and Mrs. Reid's residence, in Mount Vernon Place.

Jean laptiste Greuze, the artist who painted the picture, was born at Tommis, in Eurgundy, August 21, 1725, studied first with Grondon (or Grondon), at Lyons, afterward at Paris and Rome. He was a genre-painter of domestic scenes or incidents of affection, and ss such became an associate of the French Academy in 1755, being elected a member in 1760, Academy in 1755, being elected a member in 1760, His single historical piece. "Severus Reprimanding His Son Caracalla" (now in the Louve), being disregarded, he resented the insult and retired from the Academy, "The Ullage Eride." "The Broken Pitcher" and "The Little Girl With the Bog." which engravings have here made familiar. His pictures are in great demand with connects sure, and command high prices. marks. She had joined some friends in Santa

Barbara.

Being aware that this was not the da; for the mail-carrier, Bradford told of his intention of riding aver for the mail, as he should leave so soon. He

## DEMAND THE DIFFERENCE.

In buying baking powders, as well as anything else, insist upon having the worth of your money. If another brand is urged upon you in place of the Royal, bear in mind that it has from 27 to 50 per cent. less leavening strength than the Royal, as shown by the official chemical tests, which is equal to from 1312 to 25 cents per pound less value than the Royal. If you buy a low class powder, see that you are charged a correspondingly lower price.

HEROES OF THE COMMUNE.

NOW HIGH IN OFFICE AND YERY CON-SERVATIVE.

THE BRILLIANT BARRERE-PASCHAL GROUSSET THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR-HECTOR

MALOT - ANARCHISTS NOT

All true friends of France will rejoice that the nan to whom has been traced the authorship of the recent diabolical outrages in Paris has turned out to be, not a Frenchman, but a foreigner Paris, unfortunately, is crowded with a horde of up their abode on the banks of the Seine. There pelled, but likewise against those of that fair land which has accorded to them both refuge and hospitality. It is well known that during the great Commune insurrection of 1871' pearly which characterized that revolt were due to the instigation and to the direction of the foreign adventurers who were among the principal leaders of the movement. As soon as the outbreak oc same manner as carrion birds in the desert gather around the wounded lion. They remained there long enough to gorge themselves with plunder, but, as a general rule, succeeded your of retribution arrived, leaving their comparatively innocent French associates to "payer les pots casses." True, it was the French Communists themselves who originated the rising. But the latter soon got beyond their control, and oluntarily responsible for the crimes by which their foreign allies disgraced the movement

lay most of the Frenchmen who were prominently connected with the Commune now or supying either high office in the service of the state or positions of trust, confidence and honor into well-to-do citizens, who are just as much ecent anarchical outrages, and should another ommune insurrection ever take place-which is extremely improbable, in view of the popularity of the strength and of the sound common-sense which distinguish the present Republican Adinistration -the insurgents would have to look

hand of triendship all the more readily in the knowledge that their connection with the inarrection was confined to its political and miliare features and in no wise extended to the

proncht most closely into contact is my friend part which he took in the political and military phases thereof was sufficiently important to cause Maxime du Camp, the historian of the movement, to devote no less than three entire pages to his record. Barrere was sentenced to death in Sep-tember, 1872, by the military tribunals in sescign Office only dates from 1878, when M. Wad dington found him at Berlin during the Inter national Conference. Being ignorant of Barrere's antecedents, and in need of clerical assistance, he antecedents, and in need of ciercal assistance, are attached him to the staff of his special mission and brought him back to Paris with him. Gam-betta's good-will and influence, coupled with Bar-rere's own eleverness, did the rest. The first oceasion on which I met him was at a small break-fast given by Gambetta. Barrere was late, and as he slipped into the seat beside me, Gambetta warned me in bantering tones to beware of him, not astil after we were sipping our coffee in the fumoir that the great statesman informed me of the history of my brilliant and good-looking

Barrere was at that moment Secretary of the French Embassy at Vienna, and intrusted with the special duty of looking after the interests of the French Government on the International Com-mission for the regulation of the navigation of the Danube. Subsequently he was promoted to the post of French Minister in Egypt, and has ince then represented his country at the courts ing part in a couple of international conferences He has received stars and grand cordons from almost every Government in Europe, and is a Grand Officer of the French Order of the Legion of Honor. I have in my possession a portrait of him in the gorgeous garb of a French Envoy, the ened Government. preast of which is covered with the insignia of his various orders. The picture in question presents an amusing contrist with that taken just twenty-one years ago, in which friend Barrere, now the most stately and dignified of Chefs de Mission, is represented in the flamboyant uniform of a colonel of the Communist artillery forces.

Ordinarily the most self-possessed of men, there are times when Barrere's equanimity is upset by being brought into contact with some less fortunate member of the Commune. envoy in Egypt he received a visit from his former fellew colonel in the Communist artillery, Olivier Pain. The latter will be remembered as having escaped with Henri Rochefort from the penal olony of New-Caledonia. Olivier Pain had remained a rabid revolutionist in every sense of the word: wore a faming red tie, long unkempt hair and a hat of the most insurrectionary shape. His manners were not characterized by that courtesy and tact which or inarily distinguish Frenchmen, and when 'e punched Barrere in the ribs, "tutoyed" him and apostrophized him as 'vieus copain' the comely features of His Excellency were distorted by an exeruciatingly pain-While Olivier Pain was at Cairo M. Barrere had occasion to give a public reception to

ful Legation, all that was required of the guests being that they should wear either white or black ties. When Olivier Pain arrived at the instructions which they had received, declined to permit him to pass in until he had exchanged his g scarlet necktie for one which was either white or black. This he refused to do, and walked off deeply offended through the Legation gardens to the street. On the following morning the aged pelican which had tenanted that garden during the terms of office of many consecutive French the red necktie of Olivier Pain. I may add that the latter, who subsequently perished at Khartoum on the Nile, after joining the Mahdi, left the scarlet abomination tightly knotted around the throat of the defunct pelican-a victim to his sentiments of indignation against Barrere.

om I have the pleasure, and I may add the privilege, of being acquainted, is the universally respected editor and statesman, Senator Rance Condemned to death in contumaciam at Versailles insurrection, he is to-day one of the recognized eaders of the Opportunist party. The influential and widely circulated newspaper which he directs professes views that are characterized by extreme moderation, and discountenances every premature or radical concession on the part of the Government to the ultra Republican element. Senator Rane is a short, thick-set, stocky man, with : very shrewd and yet kindly and good-humored face. His hair and beard are both short cropped, and plentifully besprinkled with gray. He is fond of good cheer-he looks it-and he may be found every night dining either at Voisins or at the Cafe Anglais. In fact, he has turned his back altogether on the "Reds." and the only remnant of that color which he has retained is the red resette of the Order of the Legion of Honor in

A most charming and entertaining conversa tionalist, too, is Paschal Grousset, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Commune, and who was entenced to penal servitude for life by the mili tary tribunals at Versailles. In this country he is widely known in the literary and newspaper world as the brilliant author "Philip Daryl, whose volumes on English life and British institu His books on Ireland, also, have attracted unit versal attention, and enjoy a large circulation in the veteran British statesman ever pass through Paris without Grousset's dining or breakfasting with him. M. Grousset is at the present moment the principal editorial writer of the "Temps," the recognized organ of the banking and solid commercial classes of the French capital. Like Ranc and Barrere, he wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole,

Only a short time ago the illustrated press, both in France and also in this country, was filled with portraits of the famous sculptor Jules Dalou. In 1871 he was one of the heroes of the barricades on the Communist side. To-day five pauthers.

cians in Paris is Dr. Goupil, who possesses a magand during his five years of penal servitude in no less than three desperate attempts to escape. Among the French novelists who are most

and Hector Malot, Both were condemned in ntumaciam to long terms of penal servitude for their connection with the Commune. Meillet, who was sentenced on the same charge to eight years was sentenced on the same charge to eight years deportation to New-Caledonia, is to-day the proargely attended ladies' school at Glasgow, where he is regarded by the people as a pattern of cor-rect behavior and of respectability.

At least a dozen of the most influential members of the Municipal Council of Paris as well as a couple of the district mayors of the metropolis suffered conviction, and in several cases penal servitude, in consequence of their latter in its earlier stages, but were not visited with any punishment by the Tribunals. M. Tirard has on several occasions during the last decade

From The Manchester Times.

The Hindu places a clock in his show-rooms, but because he ever desires to know what the hour is, but because he ever desires to know what the hour is, but because a clock is a foreign cutlosity. Instead, therefore, of contenting himself with one good clock, he will perhaps have a dozen in one room. They are signs perhaps have a dozen in one room. They are signs of his wealth, but they do not add to his comfort, for he is so indifferent to time that he measures it by the number of bamboo-lengths the sun has travelled above the horizos. In the country police stations, where the European division of the hours is observed, time is measured by placing in a tub of water a copper pot in which a small hole has been bored. It is supposed that it will take one hour for the water to leak into the pot so as to fill it and sink it. When the policeman sees that the pot has disappeared he strikes the hour on a bell-like gong. If he is smoking or dozing, the copper pot may have disappeared several minutes before he discovers the fact—but the hour is when he strikes the gong.

the gong.

the gong.

Temple Bar" tells an amusing story
strate the Hindu's indifference in this regard.

THE LAST PANTHER.

AN ANCIENT MEMORY OF SULLIVAN COUNTY.

CONFLICTS WITH OTHERS OF ITS SPECIES THAT ARE STILL RECALLED IN TRADITION

THE CREATURE'S CRY AT NIGHT. Hartwood Park, N. Y., March 26 (Special) .- So int as known, the last of the panthers which once were plentiful in this part of the country was killed in 1820 by a negro who, flushed with victory and panting with pride, received from the hands of the admiring authorities, in the presence of his friends, filled with sympathetic joy at his good fortune, the

munificent reward of \$15. In the old days entangled, disordered and intricate Sullivan County was the home of dozens of these animals. They, of course, were accounted to be more formidable and more dangerous ban any of the other animals of the swamps and ridges. They frequently made depredations the cattle and sheep and sometimes attacked men. The settlers are said to have believed that the panthers would sometimes imitate the cries of children and thus lure victims away from the houses and to the woods. But, although the memories of the old in-habitants bristle with tales of battles with panthers, the tales contain no specific accounts of the panther's siren voice. They tell how individuals returning home late on moonless nights ran several miles in haste and a cold perspiration upon hearing that wild welfd cry ring out, as if a woman were being me by a red-handed villain with a knife. But, either because of good roads or great speed, none of men seems ever to have been caught. It is evident, too, that they spoke truly, for these hard-working, it dustrious mountaineers would never run four miles simply to receive nothing at the end but a releame and a chance to tell a thrilling story. And, in their gentle innocence and guilelessness, they have no rushes upon the stage from a point six feet from the he has been pursued eighteen miles by a band of Indians. So it is apparent that travelling

was once a dangerous practice in Sullivan County.

There were many stout-hearted and quick-shooting hunters in the region who used to like nothing bette than a "brush with a painter." But it was difficult to get a good dog to follow the track. Most dogs upon smelling a panther trail, would shrivel up and make or mayhap howl in a distressing manner. But there were a few Sullivan County dogs who, con fident of their own ability, would not hesitate to worry the retreating form of a man-eating tiger. These dog proaching the panther, would give a mournful tone

Nelson Crocker, long since dead, is said to have seen seven panthers at once, a feat which presurpasses the wildest dream of the most able and proficient delirium-temens expert in the country. Crocker was hunting in "Painter Swamp" one day when he discovered the tracks of a number of panthers. His dog was a good one, and briskly followed the trail. At noon, the hunter sat down on a log to case his luncheon. As he slowly put the last morsel in his mouth there was a chorus of howls from the surrounding bushes, and he saw seven panthers in rapid ecession. He fired at one and killed it, wile his quickly decided that the sooner he emerged from the swamp the better, so he retreated, preceded by a very willing dog. The next day he went back to skin his game and recover his hat, which he had ost. After shooting a second panther, he and his dog were again forced to retreat by a third. This lime, to accelerate his speed, he was forced to throw away his ritle. Having safely arrived on high ground he decided to return for his weapon. He recovered it, and after a three-handed fight, in which he lost part of his dog, he killed a third panther. He skinned

all three and proceeded joyonsly homeward.

Cyrus Dodge, down the dim vista of rural history, ollows close with six panthers the shade of Nelson Crocker. At Long Pond he saw six panthers at once He ran out into the pond and, standing in water up

to his waist, shot four of them. An old authority on hunting claims that a man by the name of Cafvin Bush was the prince of panther killers. Bush was a clear-headed, nervous-limbed, nuscular hunter, who was as good for his inches as any man in the county. He had a dog that was nearly as famous as himself. He had many adventures with the animals, and killed a large number of them. It is said that once, when he and a friend were hunting together, they shot and wounded a panther which took refuge in the top of a tall tree. Bush remarked to his companion: "I'm going to have some climbed a tree close to the one in which the par rouched. Straddling a limb, and twining his legs o preserve his balance, the hunter poked the wor to the ground in an ineffectual attempt to spring upon its assailant. There it was dispatched by the other man. On that hunt of two days they killed

the Government, and has received from the latter the officer's cross of the Legion of Honor.

One of the most fashious legion of Honor.

Upon one occasion a wounded animal sprang at the hunter's dog. Bush's gun was empty, but he stood by his valorous and faithful canine friend. He aimed a blow at the posither's head with a hatchet. The animal dodged and caught the handle in its teeth. It wrenched the implement from the hunter's hand with the utmost ease, and then dropped it to fight the dog. panther was mutilating the dog Bush loaded his gun

crooked finger, which was made by the panther's teeth when it grasped the hatchet-handle.

The people around Monticello were disturbed by two of these animals, which used to prowl around in the night and cry like children. They sent for Bush and his famous "painter-dog." The hunter chased and overtook the animals in a swamp and killed them both.

closed up the entrance to the lair and departed, re-turning on the next day with reinforcements and determination to kill the dread beast. It had retreated to a dark inner recess. After a council of war, in which every gentleman of the company told the others how to hunt panthers, they decided to place a lighted candle where the rays would gleam down a rifle-barrel. This was done and a man ventured in until he per-ceived the inevitable "flery eyeballs." Then he pulled reised the inevitance "hery cyclasis." Then he philed trigger. The report was followed by howls from the wounded animal, which caused a retreat of the entire army. That which a moment before had been the scene of a well-planned campaign turned to one of the wildest confusion and disorder. Four hundred yards from the scene of the attack the little band railied, held the offlice of Prime Minister, and is one of the statesman who enjoy the highest esteem and consideration of their countrymen. M. Meline has been President of the Chamber of Deputies, and if to day the recognized leader of the Protection ist party and of the agricultural element in French politics.

Scores of names more could be given here to demonstrate the fact that the twenty-one years which have now elapsed since the Commune of 1871, have medified in a very remarkable degree both the material condition and the political view of the leaders of that great insurrection. But I think that I have cited a sufficient number of instances for the purpose, and the readers of The Tribune will agree with me when I assert that the cases described above reflect great honor, not only upon the the ex-leaders of the Commune themselves, but also upon the generous the broad-minded and the liberal spirit of forgiveness of the French Nation and of its strong and enlightened and the liberal spirit of forgiveness of the French Nation and of its strong and enlightened and the liberal spirit of forgiveness of the French Nation and of its strong and enlightened and the liberal spirit of forgiveness of the French Nation and of its strong and enlightened and the liberal spirit of forgiveness of the French Nation and of its strong and enlightened for the find places a clock in his show-rooms, but because he ever desires to know what the hour is, but because a clock is a foreign curtosity. Instead, these-forc, of contenting himself with one good clock, he will be a fact that the first and the first proportion of the den, where a man had been wounded. Brusted saint as result of the walk charge over preliation and locks and through behalms had been on took and the protect and loss and through behalms had been on the walked. Slowly they asked and stread some beat and it was then pertified and loss and through behalms had cheave man had behard once walked. Slowly they asked and it was then pertified and lone wounded. Bruster land laber, and it was then perceived that nearly every member had been wounded. Brutsed suins, lacerated feet and

THE INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER AND BUFFALO.

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